

JOE HARDY

*"Don't kneel at my feet I implore you,
Don't write on the drawings you bring;
Don't ask me to say I adore you,
For indeed it is now no such thing."*

SONG,

arranged for the

PIANO FORTE,

by

EDWARD LEROY.

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J O E H A R D Y .

Words and Melody by A SOUTHERNER, Arranged by

E D W A R D L E R O Y .

MODERATO AFFETTUOSO.

Yes I know that you once were my

lo - - - ver, But that sort of thing has an end, Tho'

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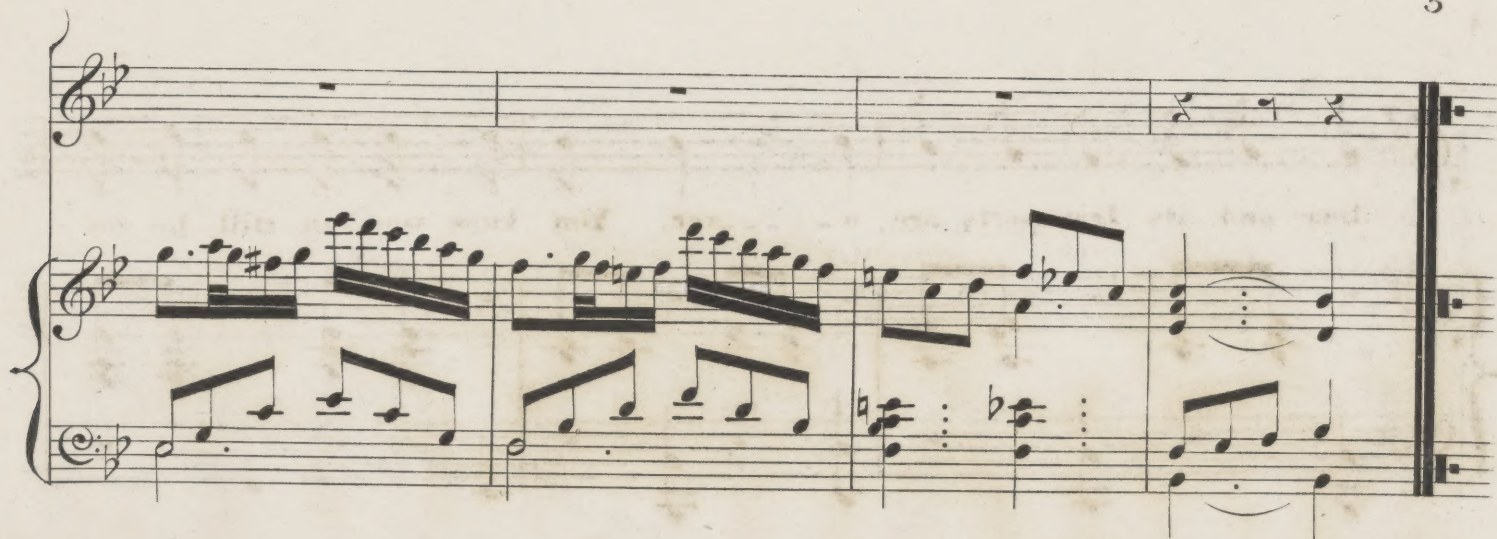
love and its transports are o - - - - ver You know you can still be my

friend: Dont kneel at my feet I im - plore you, Dont

write on the drawings you bring, Dont ask me to say I a - -

dore you, For in deed it is now no such thing.

The musical score consists of vocal and piano parts. The vocal part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, also in one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics are: 'love and its transports are o - - - - ver You know you can still be my friend: Dont kneel at my feet I im - plore you, Dont write on the drawings you bring, Dont ask me to say I a - - dore you, For in deed it is now no such thing.'



II

I confess when at Bangor we parted,
 I swore that I worshipped you then,
 That I was a maid broken hearted,
 And you the most charming of men;
 I confess when I read your first letter,
 I blotted your name with a tear,
 I was young then, but now I know better,
 Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here?

III

Dear me how you fret how you worry,
 Repeating my vows to be true,
 If I said so I told you a story,
 For I love Hardy better than you;
 Yes this fond heart is anothers,
 I sigh so whenever he's gone,
 I will love you indeed as a brother,
 But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

Quidor Eng^{VP}

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